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SCOTTISH CHURCH, CROWN COURT, LITTLE RUSSELL STREET

Original Communications.

SCOTTISH CHURCH, CROWN COURT, LITTLE RUSSELL STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

THE precise date of the earliest existence of this church is not known; its records extend into the seventeenth century. It is probably the oldest of the Scottish churches in London. In Queen Anne's days, the Rev. George Gordon and the Rev. Patrick Russel were the incumbents. Its present minister is the Rev. John Cumming. Chiefly by his exertions it has been almost rebuilt, according to designs by R. M. Wallace, Esq., on whom it reflects the greatest credit. It is admitted to be a

church, externally and internally, of great beauty. There are only nine hundred seats; but the church is so well attended, that not less than twelve hundred are in it every Sunday. Many of the nobility and gentry, chiefly Scottish, attend Mr. Cumming's ministrations. The music, which is vocal, is peculiarly fine, the choir being admirably organized, and each part scientifically executed. The opening out of the court in which the church is situated will, we understand, soon take place.

VOL. XXXIX.

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[No. 1115.]

THE WOODLANDS.

COME to the woodlands! Summer hath unfurl'd
His broad green banner to the breathing wind,
Come to the woodlands! leave the ungentle world,
Where foes are numerous—friends are seldom
kind:

Where care's dim arrows ever round are hurled,
Till unto death the wounded heart hath pined,
Come, where wild blossoms shun the sultry heat,
And twining boughs in graceful arches meet:
Where twilight streams o'er nature's shady face,
We'll smile and hearken on thro' many a sylvan
place.

Pleasant a woodland ramble, thro' dim alleys
Winding most strangely to some secret glade,
Where the clear brook, with murmuring music,
sallies

From shade to sunlight, and again to shade,
Luring our footsteps to sweet quiet valleys,
Down slopes of fern, with starry blooms inlaid;
Reaching at times the wood-verge, where the light
Shews, far reeding, many a rural height,
Forest, and wold, and flowery pasture ground,
Silver'd with winding streams—with grey hills
belted round.

Here the wild honey-suckles climb, and fold

The garbled boughs with apices and leafy knots,
And cluster'd blossoms, striped with red and gold,
Bowering the sunshine from the loveliest spots—
Sweet trysting places for young Love—which hold,
Three seasons through, their rich and dewy plots
Of wild wood-flowers, wooing the loitering air
To steal amongst the mossy rocks, and bear
Th' upbreathing incense, as it sails away
Between the rustling trees to golden-lighted day.

Unwares we come to some delightful nook

In the close by-paths, where the trees thrust
down
Their knotted roots into the humming brook,
And with their leafy helms and branches brown,
Darken from daylight and night's starry look,
(Till rugged winds crush Autumn's golden
crown).

The waters rippling thro' the swaying weeds,
Tall bladed sedge, and clumps of dark-plumed
reeds—

Swaying the white-bell'd lilies to and fro,
Like fair-shallops moor'd from moon-tide's burning
glow.

The sylvan dwellers here lead gentle lives—

Hark! the merle's voice, in a melodious breeze,
Blends with the woodspite's clamour, as he rives
The withering bark; and golden armoured bees,
With murmuring trumpets, sail from woody hives
To the blue arch of heaven, thro' yielding trees:
The lonely pigeon, cooing from her nest,
On the dark pine, upbrows her trembling breast
And broadening throat, emblazoned with rich-dyed
rings.

Bending her head the while between her fluttering
wings.

The spotted deer, fray'd at approaching sound,
Ceasing to browse the dewy vert, upturn
Their antler'd foreheads suddenly around—
Leap the wild thorns, and 'mongst the towering
fern

Dash from the sight. Along the nut-strewn ground
Sports the brown squirrel, or you now discern
The shrill-voiced vagrant leap from bough to
bough.

And in near meadows, hark! the lowing cow:
The sheep's hoarse bleating, its sharp jangling bell,
And children's joyous whoops ringing o'er hill and
dell.

Soon might the woods seem haunted as of old
With half veil'd nymphs and mystic deities—
Such spots of awful beauty we behold,
Where light and shadow battle in the trees, die

Whose skyward openings shape noon's streaming
gold

To wondrous semblance (as the eye may please)
Of wreathed staff, and cup, and broad mouthed
horn;

In ancient pageants, by wild Sylvans borne,
When goat-limbed Pan and all his lusty band,
Trampled with horned heels the echoing forest
land.

A sleight of Fancy!—in a moment, lo!

The back-kneed fauns their wildering dances
trace—

Sound the shrill pipe—the trumpet loudening blow,
Startling the brown deer with a sound of chase.
Down the dark aisles the noisy revellers go,
By whispering founts, whence peeps the Nalad's
face

Thro' the rich silver's fall. Green Dryads shed
Leaves and bright blooms to crown the wood-god's
head,
And Grecian girls sing blithely—till the eye
Loses the wild wood-dream—the lessening echoes
die.

Or when the shadows deepen with the night,
And dead fires on heaven's gray altar blaze;
When the mild South uplifts the crescent's light,
May we destroy the moonlight-wakened fays
Trooping from flowery halls—their kirtles bright
Streaming along a hundred forest-ways;
And hear their neighing palfreys sharply dash
The clinking pebbles, and from thickets splash
The steaming dews. When met on mossy lawns,
Treading the dark green rings, till rosy daylight
dawns.

Beautiful woodland! childhood's sweetest hours,
Morning and noon, to evening's starry time,
Have I beguiled amongst its shadowy bowers,
Humming my dreamy thoughts in careless
rhyme,

Blythe as a wild bee booming round the flowers.
Silence and twilight haunting its green climate,
Shed their soft influence on my boyish heart,
Till care grew weary of his blunted dart!
Hope shew'd me Life—a golden Summer's day!
And Joy sung Time to sleep—then stole his scythe
away.

JOHN GIBSON.

Le Feuilleton of French Literature.

"THE RHINE."

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

BY L'ETUDIANT,

AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES IN FRANCE," ETC.

LEGEND OF PECOPIN—(concluded.)

Amiable propositions of an old sage.

WHEN Pecopin recovered, he heard a soft
voice saying, "*Phi sma*," which is Arabian,
and signifies "He is in heaven." Another
person placed his hand on his chest, and
replied, "*Lo, lo, nachi mouth*," which means,
"No, no, he is not dead." Pecopin opened
his eyes, and saw an old man and a young
girl kneeling by his side; the countenance
of the former was as dark as night; he had
a long white beard, and was enveloped in a
scarf of green silk. The young girl was of
a copper colour, had large hazel eyes,
lips of coral, and gold rings hanging from
her nose and ears. She was exceedingly
handsome.

Pecopin was no longer by the sea-side.

The blast of hell had blown him into a valley filled with rocks and trees of a strange form. He rose. The old man and the handsome female looked at him affectionately. He approached one of the trees, the leaves contracted, the branches receded, and the flowers, which were pale white, became red. Pecopin recognised the "tree of shame," and concluded that he had left India, and was now in the famed country of Poudiferan.

The old man beckoned to Pecopin, to follow, and in a few minutes all three were seated upon a mat in a cabin built of palm-leaves, the interior of which was filled with precious stones, that shone like a heated furnace. The old man looked at Pecopin, and said in German:—

"My son, I am the man who knows everything, the great Ethiopian lapidary, the *talab* of the Arabs. I am the first that ever penetrated this desert, thou art the second. I have passed my life in gleaning from nature the science of things, and filling them with the science of the soul. Thanks to me and to my lessons; thanks to the rays which, in this valley of animate stone, of thinking plants, and of wise animals, have fallen for a hundred years from my eyeballs. It was I who pointed out to beasts their true medicine, of which man stands so much in need. Till now I have only had beasts for disciples, but have been long wishing for a man. Thou art come; then be my son. I am old. I will leave thee my cabin, my precious stones, my valley, and my science. Thou shalt marry my daughter, who is called Aissab, and who is good and beautiful. We shall pass our days happily, in picking up diamonds and eating the roots of plants. Be my son."

"Thanks, my venerable seignior," Pecopin said; "I accept with joy your kind offer."

When night came, he made his escape.

The wandering Christian.

To tell all the adventures of Pecopin would be to relate the voyage of the world. At one time he was walking with naked feet on the sea-shore; at another, in sandals, climbing the mountain; now riding upon an ass—afterwards seated on a zebra or an elephant. He lost in the desert, like Jerome Costilla, four of his toes; and, like Mendez Pinto, was sold twenty times. He climbed mountains whose summits were hidden in the clouds, and on approaching their tops vomited blood and phlegm. He came to that island which no one when seeking can find, and which chance only can bring you to it. In Scythia he killed a griffon which the people had long been endeavouring to destroy, in order to possess themselves of the gold of that animal; for

which act they wished to make him their king, but he declined their offer. Amidst all his adventures, all his daring deeds, his miseries and troubles, the brave and faithful Pecopin had only one end in view—to find Germany—to enter Falkenberg with the hope of seeing Bauldour.

He counted with a sad heart the days as they passed, and, on reaching the north of France, found that five years had elapsed since he saw Bauldour. He sat down upon a stone by the road-side; his thoughts wandered to his beloved; something fell upon his hand—he started—it was a tear that had dropped from his cheek.

"Five years," he thought, "is a long time; but I will soon see her now." Then, though his feet were lacerated with the stones and his clothes torn, he proceeded with a light heart on his journey.

After travelling all day among rocks, trying to discover a passage which descended to the Rhine, he arrived at a wood, which, without hesitation, he entered; and after walking for upwards of an hour, found that it led into a ditch. Tired, and dying of hunger and thirst, he sank down upon the grass, lifted his eyes upwards, and perceived a large horn-owl soaring above him. He, in agony of soul, was asking himself where he was, when the sound of some one singing in the distance floated over the evening breeze. Pecopin raised himself on his elbow, listened attentively, and distinguished these words:—

Mon petit lac engendre, en l'ombre qui l'orite
La riante Amphitrite et le noir Neptunus;
Mon humble étang nourrit, sur des monts inconnus,
L'empereur Neptunus et la reine Amphitrite.
Je suis le nain, grand-père des géants;
Ma goutte d'eau produit deux océans.

Pecopin could no longer doubt the sad conviction that crossed his mind. Poor, hungry, and fatigued traveller, he was in the fatal Wood of the Lost Path, which is full of labyrinths, and where the dwarf Roulon is ever seen deceiving the traveller, who, if once within the wood, is never known to leave it.

The voice was that of Roulon; the song was that of the wicked dwarf of the Bois des Pas Perdus.

Pecopin, in despair, threw himself on the ground, crying—"Alas! all is over. I shall never more behold Bauldour."

"You are wrong if you serve me," said some one from behind.

Pecopin looked up, and beheld an old gentleman equipped for the chase. It was not the dwarf Roulon, which circumstance made his heart leap with joy.

"What do you want with me," Pecopin demanded.

"To take thee to Bauldour," replied the old man, smiling.

"When?" asked Cecopin. "After you have spent a night in the chase."

"But I am dying with hunger," Cecopin replied. "I am not able to get on horse-back."

The old gentleman took a bottle from his pocket, and presented it to Cecopin, who had no sooner swallowed two or three mouthfuls than he felt invigorated, and cried—

"To the chase, with all my heart. But shall I really see Bauldour to-morrow?"

"Before the sun rises you shall be at the gates of Falkenburg."

"Hollo, gentlemen! hollo!" the old man cried. "To the chase!"

On turning round, Cecopin perceived that his companion was humpbacked; and when he walked, he discovered that he was club-footed.

At the call of the old man a host of gentlemen, clothed like princes and mounted like kings, came from a thicket, and ranged themselves round the old gentleman, who seemed to be their master. All were armed with knives or spears; the old man alone having a horn. The night was dark; but suddenly two hundred servants appeared carrying torches.

"Ebbene," said the master, "*ubi sunt los perros?*"

This mixture of Italian, Latin, and Spanish was not at all agreeable to Cecopin.

The old man then said with impatience, "The dogs! the dogs!" and in less than a minute a pack came howling and barking to the spot.

Cecopin thought there was something extraordinary in all that he saw, and was beginning to consider whether he should follow in the chase, when the old man addressed him—

"Well, chevalier, what do you think of our dogs?"

"My good sir," Cecopin replied, "to follow such animals we must have wonderful horses."

The old man, without replying, raised the horn to his mouth, and blew it; a noise was heard among the trees, and two magnificent horses, black as jet, appeared.

"Well, seigneur," said the old man, smiling, "which of the two do you prefer?"

Cecopin did not reply, but leaped upon one of them. The old man asked him if he was well saddled, and on being answered in the affirmative, he burst into a fit of laughter, jumped like a tiger upon the other, which trembled fearfully, then began to blow the horn so violently, that Cecopin, deafened with the noise, believed that this singular individual had thunder in his chest.

The danger to which we expose ourselves by getting on a horse that we do not know.

At the sound of the horn a thousand strange lights started up in the forest—strange shadows were seen every where, and the words "To the chase," were heard mingling with the barking of the dogs, the neighing of horses, and the shaking of the trees. Cecopin's horse, accompanied by that of the old man, started off at a violent gallop, making every step resound in the rider's brain, as if the horse's hoofs had come in contact with his skull—it was a gallop, rapid, supernatural, which almost deprived him of reason, for he was only sensible to the frightful noise around—the whistling of the wind—the rustling of leaves—the barking and howling of dogs—and the neighing of horses.

Suddenly all was silent; and the sound of the old man's horn was heard in the distance. Cecopin knew not where he was. He looked round, and perceived his reflection in what he thought was the White Lake, then in the Black one; but he saw it as the swallows see theirs when gliding over the surface of a pond. In the midst of this strange course he raised his hand to his talisman, when suddenly he was enveloped in darkness, and his horse began to gallop with renewed fury. At this terrible moment Cecopin commended his soul to God, and his heart to his mistress. He continued for some time thus, flying, as it were, through the air, when the thought struck him that death was preferable to such torment. He tried to throw himself from his horse, but discovered that some iron hand held him by the feet.

The distant cries, the barking of dogs, the neighing of horses, mingling with the blasts of the old man's horn again resounded frightfully in his ears. The poor chevalier closed his eyes, and resigned himself to his fate. When he opened them, the heat of a tropical night struck his countenance; the roarings of tigers and lions reached his ear; and he saw huge ruins and strange trees. Cecopin was in an Indian forest—he again shut his eyes.

Suddenly his horse stopped, the noise ceased, and all was quiet.

Cecopin, who had remained for some time with his eyes shut, opened them, and found himself before the façade of a sombre and colossal edifice.

The old man's horn resounded through the building, at which the doors of the castle opened violently, as if by a blast of wind, and Cecopin, on his horse, entered a magnificent room, splendidly lighted. He cast his eyes towards the extremity of the hall, and saw a number of guests of strange appearance, seated at table. No one spoke; no one ate; nor did any of them look at

him. There was an empty seat at the head of the table, which indicated that they were waiting their superior's arrival.

Pecopin discovered among this motley group the giant Nimrod, King Mithrobuzane, the tyrant Machanidas, the Roman Consul Emilius Barbulus the Second, Rollo, king of the sea; Zuentibold, the unworthy son of the great Arnolphe, King of Lorraine; Athelstan, King of England; Aigrold, King of Denmark. By the side of Nimrod, Cyrus, the founder of the Persian empire was seated, leaning on his elbow.

The old man's horn was again heard, a large door opposite the one by which Pecopin had entered, opened, and innumerable valets appeared, carrying an immense golden plate, in the middle of which was a stag with sixteen horns, roasted and smoking. The old man entered, took his seat; and after observing the grave looks of his guests, burst into a fit of laughter, saying—

"Hommes y muges, or, ga, vosotros belle ignore domini et domina, amigos mios, comant va la beagone,"

"You come very late," said one of the guests.

"That is because I had a friend who is fond of hunting; I wished to shew him one of our excursions."

"Yes; but look," Nimrod said, pointing to a little crevice which exposed the break of day.

"Well, we must make haste," the old man said, making a sign to the valets to approach and deposit their load upon the table. Pecopin at this moment drew his sword, sunk his spurs into the sides of his horse, which moved forward, and said with a loud voice—

"Pardieu ! whoever ye may be, spectres, demons, or emperors, I forbid you to move, or, by all that is holy, ye shall feel, as well as that old man, the weight of a living cavalier's sword upon the heads of phantoms. I am in the cave of shadows; but I shall do things real and terrible. Thou hast lied, miserable old man. Defend thyself, or by the mass I will cleave thy head, wert thou King Pluto in person."

"What's the matter, my dear sir?" the old man replied, smiling, "you are going to sup with us."

The grimace which accompanied this gracious invitation, exasperated Pecopin, who cried—

"Defend yourself, old villain!—you made me a promise, and you shall pay dearly for breaking it."

"Ho, ho, my worthy friend, I have not done so; you must wait a little."

"Thou promised to take me to Bauldour; thou knowest that she is my betrothed."

"Well, since you will have it—be it so. Bad examples are shewn by males and

females above to those below. The sun and moon are wedded, but they are a disconsolate couple, for they are never together."

"A truce to railery!" Pecopin cried bursting with rage, "or I will exterminate thee and thy demons, and purge thy cavern."

The old man replied, in laughter, "Purge, my friend. Here is the prescription—senna, rhubarb, and Epsom salts."

Pecopin, in fury, levelled a blow at the old man's head, but his horse drew back, trembling. At this moment a gleam of light stole through a crevice, the cock crowed, and all disappeared. Pecopin, on his horse gliding from beneath him, found himself standing, sword in hand, in a ravine near an old castle. Day broke, he lifted his eyes, and leaped with joy. It was the castle of Falkenburg. He sheathed his sword, and was beginning to walk cheerfully towards the manor, when he heard some one say,—

"Well, Chevalier de Sonneck, have I kept my word?"

Pecopin turned round, and saw the little hunchback that he had met in the wood, who in irony asked him if he knew him. Pecopin said that he did, and thanked him for thus bringing him to his Bauldour.

"Wait a little," the old man said. "You were in too great a hurry in accusing me; you are in too great a hurry in returning me thanks. Listen. Thou art my creditor; I owe thee two things—the hump on my back and my club-foot; but I am a good debtor. I found out thy inclinations, and I thought it would be a pity to debar such a good hunter as thou art from partaking in the night chase."

Pecopin involuntarily shuddered, and the devil added,—

"If thou hadst not had thy talisman, I would have taken charge of thee; but I am as well pleased that things have turned out so."

"Tell me, demon," Pecopin said, "is Bauldour dead, or married, or has she taken the veil?"

"No," the demon replied, with a sinister grin.

"She is at Falkenburg, and still loves me?"

"Yes, always."

"In that case," Pecopin said, respiring as if a load had been taken from his chest, "whoever thou art, and whatever may happen, I thank thee."

"Dost thou?" the devil replied. "Then if thou art satisfied, so am I." On saying these words, he disappeared.

Pecopin shrugged his shoulders, and said to himself, smilingly,—

"Bauldour lives; she is free, and still loves me. What have I to fear? When I met the demon yesterday evening five years

had expired since I left her, and it is now only a day more."

He approached the castle, recognised with joy each projection of the bridge, and felt happy. The threshold of the house in which our boyish days are spent, like the countenance of an affectionate mother, smiles upon us when returning after a few years' absence, with all the vigour of manhood.

As he was crossing the bridge, he observed a beautiful oak, whose top overlooked the parapet. "That is strange," he said to himself; "there was no tree there." Then he remembered that, two or three weeks before he left, Bauldour and he had amused themselves by throwing acorns at each other, and that at this spot one had fallen into the ditch.

"The devil!" he exclaimed, "an acorn become a tall oak in five years! this is certainly a fertile soil!"

Four birds were perched upon this tree, trying which could make the most noise. Pecopin looked up, and saw a daw, a blackbird, a magpie, and a crow; he hurried on—his thoughts were on Bauldour.

He arrived at the staircase, was ascending quickly, when he heard some one laughing behind him, but on turning round could see nothing. He reached the door, in which was the key; his heart beat violently; he listened, and the sound of a wheel struck his ear. Was it that of Bauldour? Pecopin, trembling, turned the key, the door opened, he entered, and beheld an old woman, decrepit and worn down by age, her face covered with a thousand wrinkles, long grey hair, escaping here and there from her cap, her eye-brows white, and gums toothless. This venerable yet frightful object was seated near the window, her eyes fixed upon the wheel at which she was spinning, with the thread behind her long thin fingers.

The old lady was apparently very deaf, for notwithstanding the noise that Pecopin made in entering, she did not move. Nevertheless, the chevalier took off his hat, as it becomes a man before a person of advanced age, and, going near her, said—

"Madame, where is Bauldour?"

The old dame lifted her eyes, fixed them on Pecopin; the thread dropped from her trembling hand, she screamed and said with a feeble voice—

"Oh heaven!—Pecopin! What would you? Masses for your troubled soul? or why is it that, being so long dead, your shadow still walks abroad?"

"Pardieu, my good lady," Pecopin replied, in laughter, and speaking very loud, so that if Bauldour was in the next room she might hear him;—"Pardieu, I am not dead! It is not my ghost which stands before you. I am of good solid flesh and bone, and have come back, not to have

masses said for my soul, but for a kiss from my betrothed, whom I love more than ever."

As he finished the last word, the old lady threw herself into his arms. It was Bauldour! The night-chase with the devil had lasted a hundred years.

Pecopin, distracted, left the apartment, ran down stairs, crossed the court, flew to the mountain, and took refuge in the forest of Sonneck. Like a madman, he wandered about the woods all day, and when evening came, seeing that he was approaching the turrets of his own castle, he tore off the rich clothes which the devil had given him and threw them into the torrent of Sonneck. Suddenly, his knees trembled, his hands shook, and to prevent himself from falling, leant against a tree. In Pecopin's excess of grief, he had unconsciously seized the talisman, and threw it, with his clothes, into the torrent. The words of the Sultana's slave proved true. In one minute Pecopin had all the infirmities attendant upon extreme old age. At that moment, he heard a burst of laughter; he looked round, but could see no one.

Pecopin, in pain and dejection, supporting himself on a stick, was returning to his castle, when he perceived a jackdaw, a blackbird, a magpie, and a crow, seated on the roof of the out-house. He remembered the words of the old man—"For the young, the blackbird whistles, the magpie chatters, and the crow croaks, the hens cackle, and the doves coo; for the old man, the birds speak." He listened attentively, and the following is the dialogue he heard:—

BLACKBIRD.—Enfin mon beau chasseur, te voilà de retour.

JACKDAW.—Tel qui part pour un an croit partir pour un jour.

CROW.—Tu fis la chasse à l'aigle, au milan, au vautour.

MAGPIE.—Mieux eût valu la faire au doux oiseau d'amour!

HEN.—Pecopin! Pecopin!

DOVE.—Bauldour! Bauldour! Bauldour!

(To be continued.)

New Books.

The Polytechnic Journal, June, 1842.

THIS number opens with a carefully written article on *Irrigation and Draining*. The writer, in the prosecution of his subject, discovers an intimate acquaintance with those agricultural arts, as practised in different countries; and occasionally he throws out very useful hints to the English landowner. He mentions an improved method of model mapping by Mr. Denton, surveyor, by means of which all kinds of agricultural improvements will be facilitated to a very considerable extent. It shews not only the

undulations of the ground, but all houses, buildings, woods, hedge-rows, mounds, hollows, and water, as well in relief and cavity as in area; distinguishing the state of husbandry of each piece of land, and shewing the direction of the current of all streams and watercourses. With a map of this description, the most extensive operations may be concocted within doors. Next follows a review of the different plans which have been invented for the purpose of consuming smoke. "The Poniatowsky Gems," the intention of this article is to shew the probability of those gems being genuine works of antiquity. The critique on the paintings in the British Institution is concluded from the first part, of which we made copious selections. "Illustrations of Modern History," by Professor Ferlini, from which we shall quote, we cannot say for the gratification of our readers, but rather that they may know in what state of more than brutal cruelty and debasement some of the human species still live.

DAHRFURS.

"In these deserts there are tribes called Bagarih, which means herdsmen. They are a wandering people, and only remain with their droves of cattle where they find stagnant water or ponds, which they call fall. When the waters are exhausted, the tribes wander on in search of withered grass, of which there is always a supply about these deserts, in consequence of the great rains. The people of these tribes never eat the flesh of cattle, but drink the milk, and make butter, which they exchange for corn. They likewise use the butter to rub over their bodies, or, in fact, any other greasy matter, mixed with perfume. This custom is common only to the richer people. The Bagarih who pay tribute to the viceroy, are not liable to be captured; but those who refuse to pay their imposts lose the protection of the government, and have their cattle hunted. Spies, paid by the government, give information of the pasturages where the droves are collected; 300 regular soldiers and 100 magrabins (officers) march in pursuit of the shepherds, whom they reach in about a month. The soldiers endeavour to effect a surprise, generally at day break. The light cavalry break down the strong fences raised by the herdsmen to protect their beasts from the lions at night. An attack is made, and those oxen which do not get clear of the fences become the prey of the soldiers. The whole tribe, dispersed by the firing of guns, find safety in flight, not daring to offer the least resistance, so great is their fear of fire-arms. This hunt brings the Egyptian government at least 4,000 oxen every year, which are distributed through the different villages under the power of the Turks, and then sent in small droves to Cairo; but as there is no water in the desert of Débbé and king-

dom of Dongolah, more than half of these animals perish of thirst. The detachment of soldiers who conduct these droves, pass eight months in the country. Being one day at the house of the Colonel (Rustam Bey, who, after his death, was replaced by Mustapha Bey), where a chief of a free tribe of Bagarih was staying, I asked how it happened that the tribe possessed so large a number of horned cattle, and so small a population. Rustam Bey assured me that the chief then present did not possess fewer than 100,000 head. Persons acquainted with the Turkish government, and the despotism with which it seizes, not only the goods, but the persons of its subjects, will not consider this declaration exaggerated. To this may be added, that many tribes not eating the flesh of their cattle, their market value is not more than two crowns each. It is remarkable that these tribes do not consider this kind of beast an absolute necessity; since they only employ them in husbandry; they are often used as saddle-horses. The government of Cairo sell these oxen to the peasantry of Upper and Lower Egypt, and hence draw considerable sums. The war carried on against unfortunate Africans is accompanied with circumstances of such barbarity and cruelty, that the blacks will not permit any white person to penetrate into the interior of their country, for fear of being taken as slaves. This mistrust is a reason why any imprudent traveller passing through would infallibly meet with a cruel death. The mountains of this solitude are far divided. The blacks have chosen the tops of them to build their villages on, in consequence of the great springs of pure water, which are as abundant there as on the declivity of the hills and high interior plains. The inhabitants of these countries are always naked; they are idolaters, and are constantly at war with one another. Each mountain has a different language. They also choose the heights as their abodes, in order the better to defend themselves from the arms of their powerful white neighbours, the Tékétils, the Dahrfurs, the Solucks, and the Tinkahs. In the caves there exist an anthropophagous tribe, who lead a wandering life in search of captives who then become the prey of these cannibals. In their language slaves are called *bandah-gnam-gnam*. At Curdophan I met with some of these barbarians, who had been made prisoners. I wished to learn from them in what manner they existed on human flesh, and was answered that it was their custom to cut their prisoners little by little, to suck the blood which issued from the wounds, and that they finished their meal by devouring the still palpitating limbs. One of these monsters expressed deep regret at seeing dead bodies buried. He told me that in their country it was not customary to kill one another,

but that their dead were used as food for the living. The Egyptian government hunt these ferocious people thrice every year, in the following manner:—A body of 2,000 soldiers, of the artillery, cavalry, and infantry, is collected and followed by 7,000 camels, laden with water, provisions, and ammunition. Arrived at the foot of the mountains, the first operation is to seize and surround the springs. The old men preferring death to slavery, there are only the children, who, at the end of two or three days, have courage to come and ask for water, without which they can exist no longer. They are taken and placed in the centre of the troop. This expedient always succeeds; for if they attempted, in the first place, to drag them from their caverns, it would be more easy to massacre them than

to carry them away; while, driven by thirst, they deliver themselves to their enemies. Two thousand slaves, out of a population of between seven and eight thousand, are annually obtained by this means. The prisoners are then marked on the left arm with a heated iron-brand, bearing the cipher of the viceroy of Egypt; this is to distinguish them from other slaves which do not belong to the government. When dealers buy these captives to take them to Cairo or Mecca, they are marked afresh. The young men fitted for the military service are drafted into it. Besides various other articles on science and art, there are, as usual, (and what is a valuable part of the journal,) accounts of the proceedings of the different learned societies of London.



CHRIST APPEARING TO SAINT PETER.
BY ANNIBALE CARACCI.
No. VII.

CHRIST APPEARING TO SAINT PETER, BY ANNIBALE CARACCI. SAINT PETER is making his escape from Rome to avoid martyrdom, and is met on the Appian way by a vision of Christ. The astonished saint exclaimed, "Lord, where goest thou?" and received the answer, "To Rome, to be crucified a second time, since my disciples fear to attest the truth of my mission with their blood." This made such an impression upon the apostle, that he returned to Rome, where shortly after he suffered martyrdom.

This little picture is admirably executed,

and is decidedly the most finished performance of Annibale. The skill displayed in the figure of Christ—the outstretched arm, the right leg, which seems to have no connection with the canvas—the harmonious tones of the flesh, the aerial perspective, has been long considered pre-eminent. The heads are not equal to the rest; nor is the figure of St. Peter to be compared with that of Christ; but still, throughout there is a general principle of beauty about them, as well as about the landscape in the back-ground.

Annibale Caracci was the son of a tailor, and born at Bologna in the year 1560. His cousin, the well-known Ludovico, instilled into his mind not only the best principles

of the art of painting, but an ambition to reach the utmost perfection in every branch. He studied the works of Titian, Tintoretto, and Paolo Veronese at Venice; and those of Correggio at Parma; and in his early performances displayed proofs of his genius, astonished the ablest artists of his time, and gave rise to the expectation of that excellence which he afterwards attained. The fame of the Caracci family having reached Rome, Cardinal Farnese gave him an invitation to that city, and afterwards employed him to paint the famous gallery that goes by his name, and which immortalized the artist. It had long been Annibale's desire to visit Rome, that he might see the antique statues, the basso-reliefs and compositions of Raffael; therefore this invitation was highly acceptable. His visit tended much to change his Bolognese style of design and colouring. There is a similarity of design in all the works of the Caracci family, but Annibale excelled the others in point of boldness and singularity of thought; and there is more profoundness in his designs, his expression more lovely, and his execution firmer. The Farnesian Gallery affords ample proof of his beauty of design, so much so that it often pleases those whose critical judgment prevents them from approving of it. His genius for landscape is observable in all his works; there is not a tree of his which does not breathe something of life. He died, leaving behind him works of intrinsic value and general admiration, in the year 1609.

Miscellaneous.

ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE ASSASSINATION OF SOVEREIGNS.

WE trust that this is the last time her Majesty's life will be assailed; and whilst we put our trust in the prayers of a whole nation devoted to its Sovereign, and in that Providence which encircles the vicarious power of God upon earth, we should not be wanting in those precautions which a thorough knowledge of the subject immediately suggests. The ruling propensity of the human mind, when it becomes morbid, is unquestionably (paradoxical as it may appear) an irresistible entrapment to that of which we have the greatest horror. The more the human mind gets diseased, the more mankind is subject to yield to the

temptation of crime of corresponding magnitude; thus it happens that even women whose minds are most excitable are seen, after parturition, conjuring their attendants to remove from their reach children they dearly love, that they should not be tempted to kill them; and it very often happens that when this request has not been attended to, infanticide has ensued. If to this feeling be added the temptation of vanity, that stimulus which has caused the thirsting after a posthumous fame, however infamous, which has been the destruction of so many treasures of knowledge, of edifices, palaces, and temples, it forms a combination of attraction a diseased intellect cannot be always expected to resist. To prove that there are always wretched members of society pre-occupied with the commission of this crime we have only to report what was told us by a nobleman of unimpeachable veracity, and whose office made him the inseparable companion, for ten years, of her Majesty, on all occasions of great ceremony. "Never did her Majesty," said our noble informant, "proceed to open or to prorogue Parliament without my receiving, in the morning, two or three letters, warning me that an attempt would be made on our dear Sovereign's life!" What do we conclude? This: that the assassins of sovereigns are, in most cases, mad; that with respect to the Queen, beloved as she is by every party in the State, however violent, they will always be mad, nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand. Now, as to precautions, the history of royal assassinations proves irrefragably that the aim of the assassin almost always fails, unless he is determined to sacrifice his life irretrievably to effect his deadly purpose, and unless he is placed in close contact with his royal victim. It is for the same reason that a dagger in the hands of an assassin is more dangerous than any other weapon. Louis Philippe, in spite of innumerable attempts, has been saved through the providential interposition of these circumstances; whilst, a few years since, Louvel felled the Duke de Berri with one blow, armed with a sharp-pointed dagger. Thus did Felton kill the great Duke of Buckingham. Ravallac, jumping on the step of Henry the Fourth's lumbering carriage, in a narrow street, in the same manner murdered Henri le Grand. In a like manner, the fanatic monk killed his bad predecessor, Henry III., and Damien nearly succeeded in his attempt on Louis XV. Pottrot shot the Duke de Guise *à brûle pourpoint*, as Ankerström did the lion-hearted Gustavus of Sweden.

Louis Philippe—surrounded by men inured to blood, excited by political passions, of which we are sorry to say, men of no loose morality, both legitimists and republicans, are the abettors—Louis Philippe, we repeat,

offers us, in the innumerable attempts upon his life, illustrations by which to guide us. Of all the attempts upon his royal person, barring that of Fieschi—the result of the conspiracy and combined efforts of many persons—a combination which will not be found in this country against our Queen—no attempt had even approximative success but the last made in the Rue de Rivoli at the narrow exit from the Tuilleries. It is in narrow thoroughfares, and at halting places, that these attempts of the murderer's hand can alone succeed. Therefore the first and simplest resource is, on the approach of the Queen, the clearing of such narrow thoroughfares as that of Constitution Hill, and the drawing out of a guard of honour, keeping back the crowd on first starting. There is another etiquette more rigorously observed in all monarchies on the Continent, which is, to have an equerry or a captain of the guards riding on each side of the *portiere* of the royal carriage; keeping pace exactly with the progress of the carriage, whilst, whatever the zeal of her Majesty's attendants, their horses' pace never appears to us timed so as to cover her sacred person.—*Court Journal*.

AN EXHIBITION GOSSIP.

BY MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH.

In a Letter to Monsieur Guillaume, Peintre, a son
Atelier, Rue de Monsieur, Faubourg
St. Germain, Paris.

DEAR GUILLAUME.—Some of the dullest chapters that ever were written in this world—viz., those on the History of Modern Europe, by Russell, begin with an address to some imaginary young friend, to whom the Doctor is supposed to communicate his knowledge. "Dear John," begins he, quite affectionately, "I take up my pen to state that the last of the Carolingians"—or, "Dear John, I am happy to inform you, that the aspect of Europe on the accession of Henry VIII. was so and so." In the same manner, and in your famous "*Lettres à Sophie*," the history of the heathen gods and goddesses is communicated to some possible young lady; and this simple plan has, no doubt, been adopted because the authors wished to convey their information with the utmost simplicity possible, and in a free, easy, honest, confidential sort of a way.

This, (as usual,) dear Guillaume, has nothing to do with the subject in hand; but I have ventured to place a little gossip concerning the Exhibition, under an envelop inscribed with your respectable name, because I have no right to adopt the editorial *we*, and so implicate a host of illustrious authors, who give their names and aid to Mr. Ainsworth's Magazine, in opinions that are very likely not worth sixpence; and

because that simple upright I, which often seems egotistical and presuming, is, I fancy, less affected and pert than "we" often is. "I," is merely an individual; whereas, "we," is clearly somebody else. "I," merely expresses an opinion; whereas, "we," at once lays down the law.

Pardon, then, the continued use of the personal pronoun, as I am sure, my dear friend, you will; because as you do not understand a word of English, how possibly can you quarrel with my style?

We have often had great battles together on the subject of our respective schools of art; and having seen the two Exhibitions, I am glad to be able to say that ours is the best *this* year, at least, though, perhaps, for many years past you have had the superiority. We have more good pictures in our 1400, than you in your 3000; among the good, we have more *very* good, than you have this year, (none nobler and better than the drawings of M. Decamps); and though there are no such large canvases and ambitious subjects as cover the walls of your salon, I think our painters have more first-class pictures in their humble way.

They wisely, I think, avoid those great historical "parades" which cover so much space in the Louvre. A young man has sometimes a fit of what is called "historical painting;" comes out with a great canvas, disposed in the regular six-feet heroical order; and having probably half ruined himself in the painting of his piece, which nobody (let us be thankful for it!) buys, curses the decayed state of taste in the country, and falls to portrait-painting, or takes small natural subjects, in which the world can sympathize, and with which he is best able to grapple. We have no government museums like yours to furnish;—no galleries in chief towns of departments to adorn;—no painted chapels, requiring fresh supplies of saints and martyrs, which your artists do to order. Art is a matter of private enterprise here, like everything else; and our painters must suit the small rooms of their customers, and supply them with such subjects as are likely to please them. If you were to make me a present of half a cartoon, or a prophet by Michael Angelo, or a Spanish martyrdom, I would turn the picture against the wall. Such great things are only good for great edifices, and to be seen occasionally;—we want pleasant pictures, that we can live with—something that shall be lively, pleasing or tender, or sublime, if you will, but only of a moderate-sized sublimity. Confess, if you had to live in a huge room with the Last Judgment at one end of it, and the Death of Ananias at the other, would not you be afraid to remain alone—or, at any rate, long for a comfortable bare wall? The world produces, now and then, one of the great daring geniuses

who make those tremendous works of art; but they come only seldom—and Heaven be thanked for it! We have had one in our country—John Milton by name. Honestly confess now, was there not a fervour in your youth when you had a plan of an epic, or at least, of an heroic Michael-Angelesque picture? The sublime rage fades as one grows older and cooler; and so the good, sensible, honest English painters, for the most part, content themselves with doing no more than they can.

But though we have no heroical canvases, it is not to be inferred that we do not cultivate a humbler sort of high art; and you, painters of religious subjects know, from the very subjects which you are called upon to draw, that humility may be even more sublime than greatness. For instance, there is, in almost everything Mr. Eastlake does (in spite of a little feebleness of hand and primeness of mannerism), a purity which is to us, quite angelical, so that we can't look at one of his pictures without being touched and purified by it. Mr. Mulready has an art, too, which is not inferior, and though he commonly takes, like the before-mentioned gentleman, some very simple, homely subject to illustrate, manages to affect and delight one, as much as painter can. Mr. Mulready calls his picture, "The Ford;" Mr. Eastlake styles his, "Sisters." The "Sisters" are two young ladies looking over a balcony; "The Ford" is a stream, through which some boys are carrying a girl: and how is a critic to describe the beauty in such subjects as these? It would be easy to say these pictures are exquisitely drawn, beautifully coloured, and so forth; but that is not the reason of their beauty: on the contrary, any man who has a mind may find fault with the drawing and colouring, of both. Well, there is a charm about them, seemingly independent of drawing and colouring; and what is it? There's no fool rule that I know of to measure it; and the very wisest lecturer on art might define and define, and be not a whit nearer the truth. I can't tell you why I like to hear a blackbird sing; it is certainly not so clever as a piping bulfinch.

I always begin with the works of these gentlemen, and look at them oftenest and longest; but that is only a simple expression of individual taste, and by no means an attempt at laying down the law, upon a subject which is quite out of the limits of all legislation. A better critic might possibly, (I say "possibly," not as regards the correctness of my own opinion, but the unquestionable merit of the two admirable artists above named;) another critic will possibly have other objects for admiration, and if such a person were to say, Pause—before you award pre-eminence to this artist or that, pause—for instance, look at those

two Leslies, can anything in point of *esprit* and feeling surpass them?—indeed the other critic would give very sound advice. Nothing can be finer than the comedy of the Scene from Twelfth Night, more joyous, frank, manly, laughter-moving;—or more tender, and grave, and naïf, than the picture of Queen Catherine and her attendant, The great beauty of these pieces is the total absence of affectation. The figures are in perfectly quiet, simple positions, looking as if they were not the least aware of the spectator's presence, (a rare quality in pictures, as I think, of which little dramas, the actors like those upon the living stage, have a great love of "striking an attitude," and are always on the look-out for the applause of the lookers-on,) whereas Mr. Leslie's excellent little troop of comedians know their art so perfectly, that it becomes the very image of nature, and the best nature, too. Some painters (skilled in the depicting of such knickknacks) overpower their pieces with "properties"—guitars, old armours, flower-jugs, curtains, and what not. The very chairs and tables in the picture of Queen Catherine have a noble, simple arrangement about them; they look sad and stately, and cast great dreary shadows—they will lighten up a little, doubtless, when the girl begins to sing.

You and I have been in the habit of accusing one of the cleverest painters of the country of want of poetry: no other than Mr. Edwin Landseer, who, with his marvellous power of hand, a sort of aristocrat among painters, has seemed to say—I care for my dog and my gun; I'm an English country gentleman, and poetry is beneath me. He has made us laugh sometimes, when he is in the mood, with his admirable humour, but has held off as it were from poetic subjects, as a man would do who was addressing himself in a fine ball-room to a party of fine people, who would stare if any such subjects were broached. I don't care to own that in former years those dogs, those birds, deer, wild-ducks, and so forth, were painted to such a pitch of desperate perfection, as to make me quite angry—elegant, beautiful, well-appointed, perfect models for grace and manner; they were like some of our English dandies that one sees, and who never can be brought to pass the limits of a certain polite smile, and decorous, sensible insipidity. The more one sees them, the more vexed one grows; for, be hanged to them, there is no earthly fault to find with them. This, to be sure, is begging the question, and you may not be disposed to allow either the correctness of the simile, or that dandies are insipid, or that field-sports, or pictures thereof, can possibly be tedious; but, at any rate, it is a comfort to see that a man of genius who

is a poet will be one sometimes, and here are a couple of noble poetical pieces from Mr. Landseer's pencil. The "Otter and Trout" has something awful about it; the hunted stag, panting through the water and startling up the wild-fowl, is a beautiful and touching poem. Oh, that these two pictures, and a few more of different English artists, could be carried across the Channel—say when Mr. Partridge's portrait of the Queen goes, to act as a counterpoise to that work!

A few Etties might likewise be put into the same box, and a few delightful golden landscapes of Callcott. To these I would add Mr. Macclise's "Hamlet," about whose faults and merits there have been some loud controversies; but in every Exhibition for the last five years, if you saw a crowd before a picture, it was sure to be before his; and with all the faults people found, no one could go away without a sort of wonder at the prodigious talent of this gentleman. Sometimes it was mere wonder; in the present Exhibition it is wonder and pleasure too; and his picture of Hamlet is by far the best, to my thinking, that the artist has ever produced. If, for the credit of Old England, (and I hereby humbly beg Mr. Macclise to listen to the suggestion,) it could be transported to the walls of your salon, it would shew French artists, who are accustomed to sneer at the drawing of the English school, that we have a man whose power of drawing is greater than that of any artist among you,—of any artist that ever lived, I should like to venture to say. An artist, possessing this vast power of hand, often wastes it—as Paganini did, for instance—in capriccios, and extravagances, and brilliant feats of skill, as if defying the world to come and cope with him. The picture of the play in "Hamlet" is a great deal more, and is a noble poetic delineation of the awful story. Here I am obliged to repeat, for the tenth time in this letter, how vain it is to attempt to describe such works by means of pen and ink. Fancy Hamlet, ungartered, lying on the ground, looking into the very soul of King Claudius, who writhes under the play of Gonzago. Fancy the Queen, perplexed and sad, (she does not know of the murder,) and poor Ophelia, and Polonius, with his staff, pottering over the tragedy; and Horatio, and all sorts of knights and ladies, looking wondering on. Fancy, in the little theatre, the king asleep; a lamp in front casts a huge forked fantastic shadow over the scene—a shadow that looks like a horrible devil in the background, that is grinning and aping the murder. Fancy ghastly flickering tapestries of Cain and Abel on the walls, and all this painted with the utmost force, truth, and dexterity—fancy all this, and then you will have not the least idea of one of the most startling,

wonderful pictures that the English school has ever produced.

Mr. Macclise may be said to be at the head of the young men; and though you and I, my dear Guillaume, are both old, and while others are perpetually deploring the past, I think it is a consolation to see that the present is better, and to argue that the future will be better still. You did not give up David without a pang, and still think Baron Gérard a very wonderful fellow. I can remember once, when Westall seemed really worth looking at, when a huge black exaggeration of Northcote or Opie struck me as mighty fine, and Mr. West seemed a most worthy President of our Academy. Confess now that the race who succeeded them did better than they; and indeed the young men, if I may be permitted to hint such a thing, do better still—not better than individuals—for Eastlake, Mulready, Etty, Leslie, are exhibitors of twenty years standing, and the young men may live a thousand years, and never surpass them; but a finer taste is more general among them than existed some thirty years back, and a purer, humbler, truer love of nature. Have you seen the "Deserted Village" of the "Etching Club"? What charming feeling and purity is there among most of the designs of these young painters, and what a credit are they to the English school!

The designers of the "Etching Club" seem to form a little knot or circle among themselves; and though the names of Cope, Redgrave, Herbert, Stone, have hardly reached you as yet in France, they will be heard of some day even there, where your clever people, who can appreciate all sorts of art, will not fail to admire the quiet, thoughtful, pious, delicate feeling which characterizes the works of this charming little school. All Mr. Cope's pictures, though somewhat feeble in hand, are beautifully tender and graceful. "The Hawthorn-bush, with seats beneath the shade, for talking age and whispering lovers made," is a beautiful picture for colour, sentiment, and composition. The old people, properly garrulous, talking of old times, or the crops, or the Doctor's sermon; the lovers—a charming pair—loving with all their souls, kind, hearty, and tender. The Schoolmaster of one of his other pictures is an excellent awful portrait of Goldsmith's pedagogue. Mr. Redgrave's "Cinderella" is very pleasant, his landscape beautiful. Mr. Stone's "Advice" is full of tender sentiment, and contains some frank, excellent painting; but how rapid all such comments appear, and how can you, on the banks of the Seine, understand from these sort of vague, unsatisfactory praises, what are the merits or demerits of the pieces spoken about!

We have here a delightful, naïf artist,

Mr. Webster by name, who has taken little boys under his protection, and paints them in the most charming comic way—in that best sort of comedy, which makes one doubt whether to laugh or to cry. His largest picture this year represents two boys bound for school. Breakfast is hurried over, a horrid early breakfast; the trunk is packed; papa is pulling on his boots; there is the coach coming down the hill, and the guard blowing his pitiless horn. All the little girls are gathered round their brothers: the elder is munching a biscuit, and determined to be a man; but the younger, whom the little sister of all has got hold of by the hand, can't bear the parting, and is crying his eyes out.

I quarrel with Mr. Webster for making one laugh at the boy, and giving him a comic face. I say no man who has experienced it, has a right to laugh at such a sorrow. Did you ever, in France, look out for the diligence that was to take you to school, and hear a fatal *conducteur* blowing his horn as you waited by the hill-side—as you waited with the poor mother, turning her eyes away—and slowly got off the old pony, which you were not to see for six months—for a century—for a thousand miserable years again? Oh, that first night at school! those bitter, bitter tears at night, as you lay awake in the silence, poor little lonely boy, yearning after love and home. Life has sorrows enough, God knows, but, I swear, none like that! I was thinking about all this as I looked at Mr. Webster's picture, and behold! it turned itself into an avenue of lime-trees, and a certain old stile that led to a stubble-field; and it was evening, about the 14th of September, and after dinner, (how that last glass of wine used to choke and burn in the throat!) and presently, a mile off, you heard, horribly distinct, the whirring of the well-known Defiance coach wheels. It was up in a moment—the trunk on the roof; and—bah! from that day I can't bear to see mothers and children parting.

This, to be sure, is beside the subject; but pray let Mr. Webster change the face of his boy.

Letters (except from young ladies to one another) are not allowed to go beyond a certain decent length; hence, though I may have a fancy to speak to you of many scores of other good pictures, out of the fourteen hundred here exhibited, there are numbers which we must pass over without any notice whatever. It is hard to pass by Mr. Richmond's beautiful water-colour figures, without a word concerning them; or Mr. Charles Landseer's capital picture of "Ladies and Cavaliers;" or not to have at least half a page to spare, in order to make an onslaught upon

Mr. Chalon and his ogling beauties: he has a portrait of *Mlle. Rachel*, quite curious for its cleverness and unlikeness, and one of the most chaste and refined of our actresses, Mrs. Charles Kean, who is represented as a killing coquette; and so Mr. Kean may be thankful that the portrait does not in the least resemble his lady.

There is scarce any need to say that the oil portrait-painters maintain their usual reputation and excellence. Mr. Briggs, Mr. Pickersgill, Mr. Grant, shew some excellent canvases: the latter's ladies are beautiful, and his "Lord Cardigan" a fine painting and portrait; Mr. Briggs' "Archbishop" is a noble head and picture; Mr. Pickersgill has, among others, a full-length of a Navy Captain, very fine; Mr. Linnell's portraits are very fine; and Mr. S. Lawrence has one (the Attorney General), excellently drawn, and fine in character. This year's picture of her Majesty is intended for *your Majesty*, Louis Philippe—perhaps the French court might have had a more favourable representation of the Queen. There is only one "Duke of Wellington" that I have remarked—(indeed it must be a weary task to the good-natured and simple old nobleman to give up to artists the use of his brave face, as he is so often called upon to do)—at present he appears in a group of red-coated brethren in arms, called the "Heroes of Waterloo." The picture, from the quantity of requisite vermillion, was most difficult to treat, but is cleverly managed, and the likeness very good. All the warriors assembled are smiling, to a man; and in the back-ground is a picture of Napoleon, who is smiling too—and this is surely too great a stretch of good nature.

What can I say of the Napoleon of Mr. Turner? called (with frightful satire) the "Exile and the Rock-impet." He stands in the midst of a scarlet tornado, looking at least forty feet high.

Ah! says the mysterious poet, from whom Mr. Turner loves to quote,—

"Ah! thy tent-formed shell is like
The soldier's nightly bivouac, alone
Amidst a sea of blood

—but you can join your comrades."

These remarkable lines entirely explain the meaning of the picture; another piece is described by lines from the same poem, in a metre more regular:—

"The midnight torch gleam'd o'er the steamer's
side
And merit's corpse was yielded to the tide."

When the pictures are re-hung, as sometimes I believe is the case, it might perhaps be as well to turn these upside down, and see how they would look then; the Campo Santo of Venice, when examined closely, is scarcely less mysterious; at a little distance,

however, it is a most brilliant, airy, and beautiful picture. O for the old days, before Mr. Turner had lighted on "The Fallacies," and could see like other people!

Other landscape-painters, not so romantic, are, as usual, excellent. You know Mr. Stanfield and Mr. Roberts, in France, as well as we do: I wish one day you could see the hearty, fresh English landscapes of Lee and Creswick, where you can almost see the dew on the fresh grass, and trace the ripple of the water, and the whispering in the foliage of the cool, wholesome wind.

There is not an inch more room in the paper; and a great deal that was to be said about the Water-colour Societies and Suffolk-street must remain unsaid for ever and ever. But I wish you could see a drawing by Miss Setchel, in the Junior Water-colour Society, and a dozen by Mr. Absolon, which are delightful in grace and expression, and in tender, pathetic humour. M. A. T.

Ainsworth's Magazine.

AUSTRALIA.

ACCOUNTS from Sydney to the 29th of January mention, in glowing terms, the celebration there of the fifty-fourth anniversary of the foundation of that colony. "Never (observes the 'Australian' newspaper) did a brighter, a more splendid morning usher in the celebration of national festivities, even in this 'land of bright sunshine and of cloudless sky.'

"The shops were, for the most part, closed, and the gay appearance of the inhabitants who thronged the streets in their holiday attire, and with bright holiday faces, gave full assurance that, for the day at least, enjoyment and pleasure were to supersede the ordinary concerns and business of life.

"From the tops of the public offices and of many private establishments, banners gaily illustrative of various orders and devices flaunted gaudily in the breeze; whilst on going down to the water-side, the view was truly exhilarating and picturesque in the extreme,—the magnificent harbour, with its countless bays and islands, its verdant shores and glittering waters, where the flags of 'all the nations' were gathered in proud array; the graceful ships, with their spars and rigging in trim order, and gaily dressed out in their colours, forming, in many instances, varied coronals from the bowsprit to the taffarel.

"Gliding about in all directions might be seen thousands of boats, from the silent course of the tiny skiff to the noisy rush and smoky track of the restless steamer. The little white sails, as they filled before

the breeze, glittering in the sun, like the wings of the sea-bird, whilst the white foam of the waters broke over their bows, as they dashed forward in the trials of speed with which they beguiled their anticipations of the coming contests of the regatta.

"Rising in its splendour, the new government house looked majestically over the scene, and waving from its towers, the royal banner, 'the meteor flag of England,' streamed proudly, to the homage of which all this glorious 'pomp and circumstance' was but a sign and token. The scene, the throng of boats, the sunny sky, and their bright associations, carried us back to those glorious records of Venetian splendour, when the city of the 'hundred isles' was—

"The pleasant place of all festivity;
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy';

and truly never did Italian sky beam more gloriously in its cloudless blue, on eyes 'that only shamed its beaming,' than did the heaven of Australia shine on the fair array of loveliness which was gathered together yesterday."

In a previous number, the "Australian" bids the colonists to be of good cheer, and to recollect that the elements of wealth are as abundant amongst them as at any former time, "that new territories in the interior have been opened up to the energies of the settlers, that, under the Divine blessing, far more than an average harvest has been ensured, and above all, that twenty thousand additional free people have landed upon our shores, whose productive industry cannot but soon make itself felt in the creation of additional wealth, and therefore, in promoting a return of legitimate confidence; that these twenty thousand souls have been instrumental in pouring into the colony much actual capital, and will be beneficial, inasmuch as they create as many new, though private, ties of interest between us and the mother country.

"It should also be favourably borne in mind that many internal improvements can be pointed out as having been effected since the last anniversary. Many churches and chapels have sprung up in the desert, and there is reason to believe that the voice of religion has not been uplifted in vain. In Sydney, buildings are advancing rapidly. The community has benefited by the praiseworthy perseverance of the Gas Company, and their indefatigable secretary, and since the last anniversary, we have gas-lit streets in our metropolis. A steam ferry is also on the eve of completion, which will closely connect the capital with the populous suburb of Balmain and the north shore. Our streets are crowded with drays, bringing down the largest clip of wool which has ever been grown, and our banks will be compelled to lower their rates of interest."

ESTONIAN PEASANTRY AT CHURCH.

HAVING thus seen the Estonian peasant in his home state, our next view of him was in a congregated mass; this occurred upon occasion of our first visit to the village church, about five miles from our superb dwelling, and of which, with rare exception, they are the exclusive monopolizers. Here we found the peasants' sledges standing in double rows as thick along the road as the carriages before the Opera-house at a morning concert; and entering through a dense crowd, smelling strongly of their sheep-skin habiliments and the smoky atmosphere in which they live, we mounted a gallery to a pew reserved for the family, whence we looked down upon a platform of human heads of every variety of rich blondes and browns—blacks there were but few, and greys none at all; though of wrinkles, failing limbs, and other signs of age, there was a premature profusion. The service, which was in Estonian, had commenced, and after the first careless wonder with which you listen to a new language subsided, my eyes busied themselves with what was around them.

The men were all on one side, their long hair, untouched by scissors since their birth, divided down the centre of the head and flowing on their shoulders; the women on the other, with high helmet-shaped caps of every variety of bright colour—their gay ribbons and bright locks streaming promiscuously from beneath; or sometimes all this lowly vanity covered with a white handkerchief, which, disposed in a band across the forehead, and falling in ample folds down the cheeks, ennobled many a homely set of features. Beauty there was but little: here and there a young rosy cheek and bright eye shot through the crowd, but the generality were plain rather than ugly. The first impression on the mind of this dense crowd of attentive poor was almost painful. Our Saviour's audiences were only the poor; and amongst the silent, listening throng who stood, each leaning with clasped hands upon his foremost neighbour's shoulder—here and there a child held aloft above the crush of limbs, while a row of sick and decrepit beings, ugly, abject, yet venerable, lying on mattresses in every picturesque form, occupied the centre, and Hebrew-draped heads and apostolic countenances crowded around—you missed only the divine aspect from this ready-made and most touching picture. The women were chiefly in sheepskins or wolfskins, with gay bands round their waists,—the men in the same, or in a coarse brown cloth with rows of silver buttons down the breast. The scene was enlivened by the presence of a bride—in other words a *fiancée*—who, at the publication of her

banns, has the enviable privilege of appearing before the public in every rag and ribbon which it ever entered the head of any Estonian Madge Wildfire to desire, being literally loaded with all the ribbons, handkerchiefs, and petticoats which herself or her neighbours can muster; only the outer edge of each, in the insolence of her wealth, being visible, till the bride looks like the walking pattern-book of the *kirch spiel*, or parish, and the admiring swain views at one glance both his companion and her wardrobe for life. But the head is more particularly the centre of attraction;—the helmet-shaped cap on these occasions being stuck full of flowers, ribbons, scraps of tailor's cabbage, peacock's feathers, and, in short, all the sweepings of the baron's mansion, like an over-garnished shape of blancmange; while the young lady, oppressed alike by her feelings and her finery, keeps every tag in a perpetual quiver, and hardly dares to lift up her heated countenance from her panoply of garments.

The service, to our ideas, was by no means impressive, being little more than a succession of monotonous psalm-singing in a minor key sustained by the congregation; after which the clergyman, a spare-looking gentleman with a very long nose, and, I should be inclined to think, a very cold one,—for the churches are not heated, and the thermometer kept its average of ten degrees of Fahrenheit,—delivered a sermon, leaning with Knox-like energy over the edge of the pulpit, and at the full stretch of his voice; for the congregation, who otherwise were devotion itself, and would not have disturbed him by a whisper, took no account of coughs, sneezes, blowing noses without the aid of pocket-handkerchiefs, and other little noises, including now and then a stout squall from a baby, and as loud a hush from the mother, till the preacher's voice was sometimes drowned. The church itself was a heavy ancient building, with simply groined roof, gay bedizened altar, and whitewashed walls behung with tin urns and armorial bearings. Before the conclusion of the sermon a contribution was levied with long pole and bag at end, as elsewhere, into which kopecks of all weights and sizes tumbled; upon which the clergyman retreated to the altar, and, facing the audience, chanted a few sentences in a high key. This was the signal for dismissal: the solid mass stirred, and broke up into hundreds of fragments—the reeking church was abandoned—each recognised his own little sledge and horse among multitudes which seemed cast in the same mould—poles stuck—rope-reins entangled—bells jingled—and voices scolded and laughed alternately; and in five minutes the whole congregation were scouring away across the country.—*Letters from the Baltic.*

The Gatherer.

A Secret for a Farmer's Wife.—While the milking of your cows is going on, let your pans be placed in a kettle of boiling water. Strain the milk into one of the pans taken hot from the kettle, and cover the same with another of the hot pans, and proceed in like manner with the whole mess of milk, and you will find that you will have double the quantity of good rich cream, and get double the quantity of sweet and delicious butter.—Try it.

What's in a Name?—A gentleman, whose notions of politeness and refinement were carried to such excess that he could scarcely ever be induced to address another person without having been previously introduced, *pro forma*, or at least informed the name of the party he addressed, was sitting one evening, last month, in the commercial room of an hotel in Kendal, silently reading the news, when a traveller, enveloped in sundry comfortables and great coats, entered the same apartment; and, as is the wont of many travellers and others just off a journey, established himself at once as fire-screen before the mantel-piece. The original inmate of the room, after enduring for some time the deprivation of heat with evident impatience—seeing how frequently he tried to catch a peep at the grate from behind the ample folds of the stranger's wrappers,—at length ventured to accost the intruder. "Will you tell me your name, sir?" "What's that to you, sir?" replied the fire-screen, with the grace and somewhat of the growl of a bear. The uneasy sitter bit his lips, and resumed reading. A few minutes only had elapsed, however, ere he again inquired, "Will you oblige me with your name, sir?" The answer on this occasion was more brief than the first, and just as courteous—"I shall not." The reader was a perfect stolid. He was incapable of deeming anything an insult from a man to whom he had not been introduced, and whose very name he did not know. He quietly continued his reading, therefore, for another two or three minutes; when rising, he exclaimed, with marked solemnity, and a dash of desperate determination in his manner—"So you positively refuse to give me your name, however important to yourself the information I wish to impart to you?" Screen, upon this, thinking his tormentor might really wish to make some communication to him, muttered, "I think you exceedingly impertinent, sir; but my name, if a knowledge of it will gratify you, is Brown, sir." "Then, Mr. Brown," said Placid, "your coat has been on fire these five minutes!—that's all."—*Kendal Mercury*.

The Moon Uninhabited.—An old lady, who had been reading the famous moon story very attentively, remarked with emphasis, that the idea of the moon's being inhabited was too incredible to believe; "for," said she, "what becomes of the people in the new moon when there is nothing left of it but a little streak?"

Comparative Duration of Life.—Mr. Farr, the registrar-general, has ascertained from the census returns, that the mean duration of life in the two districts—towns and rural places—differs by nearly 17 years, the average of life being 55 years in the country and only 38 in the towns. The density of the population in the country districts referred to, compared to that in the towns, is as 10 to 342: the mortality as 100 to 144.

Sculptured Marble.—Her Majesty's ship the "Monarch," has sailed from the Piræus of Athens to the mouth of the river Xanthus, to remove from the valley of the same name the sculptured marble, which she will convey to Malta, en route for England, when they will be deposited in the British Museum.

Singular Will.—Mr. William Falkous, late of Gateshead, draper, who died in July last, by his will, proved at Durham on the 21st ult., bequeaths 7410*l.* in legacies, varying from 10*l.* to 300*l.*, to "industrious and upright professional men, tradesmen, and others," in all 101; some of whom, he remarks, he had observed contending with difficulties, and yet preserving their integrity. To one legatee he bequeaths 50*l.* as a token of his esteem for him in closing his shop on the Sabbath, which shop had been kept open by the previous occupier.—*Durham Advertiser*.

A new mode of setting up Types for Printing.—The invention of arranging and setting up of types for printing consists in a novel construction of machine, in which printing types, being placed in a certain order, may be severally selected and brought together for the formation of words and sentences, by striking keys with the finger, in a similar manner to playing upon an organ.

When one man says that another man thinks properly, it will generally be found that the two think alike.

Man was never intended to be idle. Inactivity frustrates the very design of his creation; whereas an active life is the best guardian of virtue, and the greatest preservative of health.—*Bacon*.

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